

## TERMS.

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Messrs. Benson & Green:—In the "Times," of the 28th inst., I saw a few lines, poeticaly noting the flight of time. Reading them suggested the following lines, which are at your disposal:

## TIME—ITS FLIGHT.

The moments fly—a minute's gone!  
The minutes fly—an hour's run!  
The day is past—the night is here;  
Thus flies a week, a month, a year!

A year, alas! how soon 'tis past!  
Who knows but this may be the last?  
A few short years, how soon they're fled!  
And we are number'd with the dead.

Time in its flight bids us beware,  
Lest we should miss the blazing star  
Which guided Eastern Sages, when  
They sped their way to Bethlehem.

To lay their golden treasures down  
And bow their faces to the ground  
Before the Infant Son of God,  
Who is the stem of Jesse's rod.

Time calls him Alpha, that is first;  
Time says he's Omega, the last—  
And Revelation, too, combines  
To call forth the action of the minds

Of mortal man, who's dust at best,  
Whose body's hastening back to rest  
With their old mother, chaos, where  
They cannot see the Pilot Star.

Then Time and Revelation too,  
Bid us for pardon now to sue,  
And file our plea in Jesus' blood,  
For he's enthroned the Mighty God.

He will to all who plead to-day  
Grant pardon, peace, without delay,  
And give a crown of life to all,  
Who in his name for mercy call.

Nature with time now joins her voice,  
And urges man to make the choice  
Which "Mary" made in days of old,  
The love of God before fine Gold.

Time's hastening on apace, to scan  
All the mighty works of man—  
To cut them all with one fell swoop,  
And take man off as mist or smoke.

Time in its flight calls loud to man,  
And points him to the running sand—  
Yea, time is but a meteor glare,  
That bids him for his doom prepare.

Fayette, Jan. '44. ALTA.

## From the New Mirror.

## THE LOVE OF THE FOUR STUDENTS.

## A CHRONICLE OF NEW-YORK.

O subtle spirit, Love! in our earlier years,  
When the heart is fresh and the impulses  
Strong, how potent your influence over us  
For good or for evil! The gyves where-  
with you bind us, though softer and easier  
than silk, are firmer than bands of brass or  
iron. The sway of love over the mind of  
a man, though the old subject of flippant  
and sneering remarks from those who are  
too coarse to appreciate its delicate ascen-  
dancy, is a strange and beautiful thing.

Love! the mighty passion which, ever  
since human life began, has been conquer-  
ing the great and subduing the humble,  
bending princes and mighty warriors, and  
the famous men of all nations, to the  
ground before it. Love! the delicious dream  
of youth, and the fond memory of old age.  
Love! which, with its canker-seed of decay  
within, has sent young men and maidens to  
a longed-for but too premature burial.  
Love! the child-monarch that death itself  
cannot overcome, but that has its tokens  
upon marble slabs at the head of grass-cov-  
ered tombs; tokens more visible to the eye  
of the stranger, yet not so deeply graven  
as the face and the remembrances cut upon  
the heart of the living. Love! the sweet,  
the pure, the innocent; yet the cause of  
fiery hate, of wishes for deadly revenge,  
of bloody deeds, and madness, and the horrors  
of hell. Love! that wanders over human  
trunks, and parting back the hair from gory  
faces, and daring the points of swords and  
the thunder of artillery, without a fear or  
a thought of danger.

New-York is my birth-place. My father  
was engaged in a moderate, respectable  
business, and we kept up a good appear-  
ance. Of my brothers and sisters I shall  
introduce only one, my brother Matthew,  
not quite two years younger than myself.  
He was a pleasant-looking but pale and  
delicate creature, and my mother often  
said that he was not long for this world.  
He had an inward affection, which trou-

## BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 4.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1844.

No. 16.

bled him in infancy, and which was never  
wholly eradicated. Mat, as we called him,  
was beloved by all for his gentleness, am-  
iability and singular quietness. He never  
was heard to complain of his illness, nor  
anything else; but there was still that gen-  
tle expression of the eye and the smile upon  
the lip, on any and every occasion when  
he spoke. My brother, however, was of  
keen sensitiveness, and had a tender heart  
beneath that calm exterior.

Well, time passed on. I was intended  
for the profession of the law; though, being  
lazy in my studies, it was not until my  
twenty-first year that I entered the office  
of an eminent practitioner, a rigid man,  
with whom I was to study and struggle.

The very first day of my appearance  
there, about the middle of the morning,  
there came to see my master a large, ob-  
tuse looking woman, with a strong foreign  
accent. Her broken English, and a pecu-  
liar expression of the eye, excited the risi-  
bilities of a couple of young gentlemen,  
Mr. Harry Wheaton and Mr. Frank Brown,  
fellow-students of mine, and they com-  
menced toward that lady what is called  
quizzing—a process which is generally the  
sure sign of a soft and pitiful brain in the  
originator.

I rebuked them, and, asking the woman  
into the adjoining room, sacred to our mas-  
ter's own use, I requested her to wait a  
few minutes and the lawyer would proba-  
bly be there. With female tact, she made  
no allusion to the young men's imperti-  
nence, but thanked me with a dignity and  
politeness which I certainly did not at all  
expect. Before she went away that morn-  
ing I found that she was a Swiss immi-  
grant, a widow, and kept a little ale-house  
on the banks of the North river, at about  
two miles from what is now the centre of  
the city. Though the spot was then quite  
out of town, surrounded by trees and green  
fields, in these days it is well covered with  
buildings, and resounds to the clang of  
carts and the noise of traffic. The widow  
invited me, when I had a leisure afternoon,  
to come out and pay a visit to the ale-house;  
including in the invitation, alas! the other  
students—a piece of civility of which their  
rudeness had certainly not made them  
worthy.

It may not be amiss for me to describe  
more particularly my two companions in  
martyrdom—for that was the term which  
we unanimously voted as most applicable  
to the condition in which we were placed.  
Each was of the same age with myself.  
Wheaton was a handsome, red-cheeked,  
jovial fellow, full of mirth and spirits, and  
as generous and brave as any man I ever  
knew. He was very passionate, too; but  
the whirlwind of his temper was as quick  
in passing as it was violent, and, when over,  
unlike the whirlwinds, it left no desolation  
or wreck in its path. Frank Brown was  
a slim, tall, gracefully-formed youth, but  
by no means as handsome in the face as  
his companion. He was fond of vague  
metaphysical speculation, and used to fall  
in love regularly about once a month with  
any pretty girl he came across. The half  
of every Wednesday we had to ourselves,  
and, accompanied by my brother Matthew,  
who was studying under a French teacher  
in the same building, we were in the habit  
of having a sail, a ride, or a walk together.

One of those Wednesday afternoons, of  
a pleasant day in April, I bethought my-  
self of the Swiss widow and her beer,  
about which latter article I had since her  
visit made inquiries, and heard spoken of  
in terms of high commendation. I men-  
tioned the matter to Matthew, and my  
brothers in martyrdom, and we agreed that  
there was no better way of filling up the  
hours than a visit. Accordingly we set  
forth, and, after a fine walk, arrived in  
glorious spirits at our destination.

Ah! how shall I describe the quiet beau-  
ties of the spot, with its long, low piazza  
looking out upon the river, and its clean,  
homely tables, and the tankards of real  
silver, in which the ale was given us, and  
the flavour of that excellent liquor itself.  
There was the fat Swiss widow, and there  
was a sober, stately old woman, half ser-  
vant, half companion, Margery by name,  
and there was (good God! my fingers  
quiver yet as I write the name!) young  
Ninon, the daughter of the widow. O,  
through the years that have passed, my  
memory strays back, and that whole scene  
comes up before me again; and the bright-  
est part of the picture is the strange eth-  
ereal beauty of that young girl! She was  
but sixteen, and the most fascinating, art-  
less female I had ever beheld. She had  
soft blue eyes and light hair, and an expres-  
sion of childish simplicity, which was  
charming to behold. I have no doubt that  
ere half an hour had elapsed from the time  
we entered the tavern, and saw Ninon,  
every one of the four of us, with the feel-  
ings of our age, loved the girl with the very  
depth of passion.

We neither spent as much or drank as  
much beer, by three-quarters, as we had  
intended before starting on the jaunt. The  
widow was very civil to us; and Margery,  
who waited upon us, though not quite a  
Hebe, behaved with a great deal of politeness;  
but it was to Ninon, after all, that the  
afternoon's pleasure was attributable; for,  
though we were strangers, we became  
acquainted at once, the manners of the  
girl, merry as she was, putting entirely  
out of view the most distant imputation of  
indecorum, and the presence of the widow  
and Margery (for we were all in the com-  
mon room together, there being no other  
company) serving to make us all still more  
unembarrassed and at home. It was not  
till quite a while after sunset that we  
started on our return to our homes. We  
made several efforts to revive the fun and

mirth which usually signalized our rambles  
when occasion allowed; but they seemed  
forced and discordant, like laughter in a  
sick room. Matthew was the only one  
who preserved his usual tenor of temper  
and conduct.

I need hardly say that thenceforward  
every Wednesday afternoon was spent by  
us at the widow's tavern. Strangely,  
neither Matthew, or my two fellow-stu-  
dents, or myself, spoke to each of the sen-  
timent which filled us, in reference to Ninon;  
yet we all knew the thoughts and feelings  
of the others; and each, perhaps, felt con-  
fident that his love alone was unsuspected  
by his companions.

The story of the widow was a simple  
yet touching one. In one of the cantons  
of her native land she had grown up, and  
married, and lived in happy comfort. A  
son was born to her, and a daughter, the  
beautiful Ninon. By some of those re-  
verses of fortune which visit even those ro-  
mantic and liberty-loving regions, the  
father and head of the family had the greater  
portion of his possessions swept from him.  
He struggled for a time against the evil in-  
fluence, but it pressed upon him harder and  
harder. He had heard of a people in a  
western world—a new and swarming land,  
where the stranger was welcomed, and  
peace and the protection of the strong  
arm were around and over him. He had  
no heart to stay and struggle amid the  
scenes of his former being, and he deter-  
mined to go, and make his home in that  
distant republic of the west. So, with his  
wife and children, and the proceeds of their  
little property, he took passage for New  
York. Alas! he was never to reach his  
destination. Either the cares and troubles  
that preyed upon his mind, or some other  
cause, consigned him to a fit of illness, from  
which he was only relieved by the great  
dismission from all griefs and agonies, Death.  
He was buried in the sea; and in due time  
his weeping family arrived at the great  
American emporium, to find that his death  
was only the first part of their deprivations.  
The son, he too sickened, and ere long  
was laid away to his rest.

Ninon was too young to feel permanent  
grief at these sad occurrences, and the  
mother, whatever she might have suffered  
inwardly, had a good deal of phlegm and  
patience, and set about making herself and  
remaining child as comfortable as might  
be. They had still a respectable sum in  
cash, and, after due deliberation, the widow  
purchased the little quiet tavern, where, of  
Sundays and holidays, she took in consid-  
erable sums. The French and Germans  
visited the house frequently, and quite a  
number of young Americans, too. Prob-  
ably, not the least attraction to the latter  
was the sweet face and form of Ninon.

Spring passed, and summer crept in  
and wasted away, and autumn had arrived.  
Every American knows what delicious  
weather we have, in these regions, of the  
early October days; how calm, clear, and  
divested of sultriness is the air, how blue  
the skies, and how decently nature seems  
preparing herself for her winter sleep!

Thus it was of the Wednesday we started  
on our accustomed excursion. Six  
months had elapsed since our first visit,  
and, as then, we were full of the exuber-  
ance of young and joyful hearts. Frequent  
and hearty were our jokes, by no means  
particular about the theme or the method,  
and long and loud the peals of laughter  
that rang over the fields or along the shore.

We took our seats round the same clean  
white table, and received our liquor in the  
same bright tankards. They were set be-  
fore us by the sober Margery, no one else  
being visible. As frequently happened, we  
were the only company. Walking and  
breathing the keen fine air had made us  
dry, and we soon drained the foaming ves-  
sels and called for more. I remember well  
an animated chat we had about some po-  
ems that had just made their appearance  
from a great British author, and were cre-  
ating quite a sensation. There was one,  
a story of passion and despair, which  
Wheaton had read, and of which he gave  
us a transcript. It was a wild, startling,  
dramatic thing, and it threw over our minds  
its peculiar cast.

An hour moved off, and we began to  
think it strange that neither Ninon or the  
widow came into the room. One of us  
gave a hint to that effect to Margery; but  
she made no answer, and went on with her  
usual way as before.

"The grim old thing!" said Harry Wheaton;  
"if she were in Spain, they'd make her a  
premium duenna!"

I asked the woman about Ninon and the  
widow. She seemed perturbed, I thought;  
but, making no reply to the first part of my  
question, said that her mistress was in an-  
other room of the house, and did not wish  
to be with company.

"Then be kind enough," resumed Wheaton  
with a grimace, "be kind enough, Mrs.  
Vinegar, to go and ask the widow if we  
can see Ninon!"

Our attendant's face turned as pale as  
ashes, and she precipitately left the apart-  
ment. We laughed at her agitation, which  
Frank Brown (and we unanimously agreed  
thereto) assigned to her ill-temper at the  
ridicule of our company.

Quite a quarter of an hour elapsed be-  
fore Margery's return. When she appear-  
ed, she told us briefly that the widow had  
bidden her obey our desire, and now, if we  
pleased, she would conduct us to the daugh-  
ter's presence. There was a singular ex-  
pression in the woman's eyes, and the  
whole affair begun to strike us as somewhat  
odd; but we arose, and taking our caps, fol-  
lowed her as she stepped through the door.  
Back of the house were some fields, and  
our path leading into clumps of trees. At

some thirty rods distant from the tavern,  
high one of these clumps, the largest tree  
whereof was a willow, Margery stopped,  
and pausing a minute, while we came up,  
spoke in tones calm and low:

"Ninon is there."

She pointed downward with her finger. Great  
God! there was a grave, new-made, and with the  
sods loosely joined, and a huge brown stone at  
each extremity! Some earth yet lay upon the  
grass nearby, and amid that whole scene our  
eyes took in nothing but that horrible, even  
shaped mound. My eyesight seemed to waver,  
my head felt dizzy and a feeling of deadly nausea  
came over me. I heard a stifled exclamation,  
and, looking round, saw Frank Brown fall  
heavily upon the grass in a fainting fit. Whea-  
ton gave way to his agony more fully than ever I  
had known a man before; he sobbed like a  
child, and wrung his hands. It is impossible to  
describe the suddenness and fearfulness of the  
sickening truth that came upon us all in such  
thunder-stroke force! Of all of us, my brother  
Matthew neither shed tears, or turned pale, or  
fainted, or gave any other evidence of inward  
depth of pain. His quiet, pleasant voice it was  
that recalled us, after the lapse of many long  
minutes to ourselves.

So the girl had died and been buried. We were  
told, of a sudden illness that seized her the  
very day after our last preceding visit; but we inquired  
not into the particulars. The mother had that  
lucky toughness to sorrow which I have before  
alluded to, and outwardly seemed to grieve but  
little. For our own part, it was, perhaps, after  
all, not the depth of any intrinsic passion we  
shared toward Ninon, though we all loved her,  
but the startling, terrible way of the bursting  
upon us of the awful fact, which brought forth  
such abandonment to grief on the part of each  
of us, except my brother.

I come now to the conclusion of my story,  
and to the most curious part of it. The evening  
of the third day from our introduction to the  
girl's grave, Wheaton, who had wept scalding  
tears, and felt the perfect tempest of grief; and  
Brown, who had fallen as if stricken by a giant's  
club; and myself, that, for an hour, thought my  
heart would never rebound again from the fearful  
shock; that evening, I say, we three were seated  
round a table in another tavern, drinking our  
beer, and laughing as gleefully as though we  
had never known the widow or her daughter—  
neither of whom, I venture to affirm, came into  
our minds once the whole night.

Strange are the contradictions of the things of  
life! The seventh day after that dreadful visit  
saw my brother Matthew, him who, alone of  
all the four, had been cold to the breath of the  
withering blast; the weak and delicate one, who,  
while bold men and brave men withered in tor-  
ture lay stunned upon the ground, had kept the  
same placid, gentle face, and the same unremem-  
bered fingers; the one who complained not, raved  
not, recurred not to the subject; him that seventh  
day saw a clay-cold corpse, shrouded in the pale  
garments of decay, and carried to the repose  
of the churchyard and the coffin. The malig-  
nant shaft, far, far down and within, wrought a  
poison and a pain too great for slow, and the  
youth died.

## From the New Mirror.

## ON A VERY OLD WEDDING RING.

The device—two hearts united.  
The motto—"Dear love of mine, my heart is thine!"

I like that ring, that ancient ring  
Of massive form and virgin gold,  
As firm, as free from base alloy,  
As were the sterling hearts of old.  
I like it—for it waits me back,  
Far, far along the stream of time,  
To other men, and other days,  
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it as it tells  
The tale of well-reputed love;  
How youthful fondness persevered  
And youthful faith disdained to rove;  
How warmly he his suit preferred,  
Though she, unpaying, long denied,  
Till, softened and subdued, at last,  
He won his fair and blooming bride;—  
How, till the appointed day arrived,  
They blamed the lazy-floated hours;  
How then the white-robed maiden train  
Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers;  
And how, before the holy man,  
They stood in all their youthful pride,  
And spoke those words, and vowed those vows  
Which bind the husband to his bride;  
And this it tells—the pledged truth,  
The gift of every earthly thing,  
The hand in hand, the heart in heart—  
For this I like that ancient ring.

I like its old and quaint device;  
Two blended hearts, though time may woo  
them,  
No mortal change, no mortal chance,  
"Till death," shall e'er in sunder tear them.  
Year after year, "neath moon and storm,  
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,  
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,  
These two, the world's rough pathways trod,  
Age might impair their youthful fires,  
Their strength might fail, "mid life's bleak  
weather,

Still, hand in hand, they travel'd on,—  
Kind souls! they slumber now together.  
I like its simple story too;  
"Mine own dear love, this heart is thine!"  
Thine, when the dark storm howls along,  
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine,  
"This heart is thine, mine own dear love!"

Thine, and thine only, and for ever;  
Thine, till the springs of life shall fail—  
Thine, till the chords of life shall sever;  
Remnant of days departed long,  
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,  
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,  
Of heartfelt, holy love, the token—  
What varied feelings round it cling!  
For these, I like that ancient ring.

## THE TARIFF.

## Presidents and Precedents.

FROM THE RICHMOND WHIG.

While the Enquirer is engaged in the  
task of presenting the Tariff as an unheard  
of enormity, it may not be amiss to refresh  
the memory of our readers by a few short  
extracts from the messages of former Pre-  
sidents to whom that paper successively  
professed the most unlimited devotion.

First of all comes the FATHER OF OUR  
COUNTRY. In his message of the 8th July,  
1790, he uses the following language:

"The safety and interest of the People  
require that they shall promote such man-  
ufactures as tend to render them independ-  
ent for essentials." &c.

The Enquirer may plead non-age to that;  
so we give him next an extract from the  
message of Mr. JEFFERSON, dated Decem-  
ber, 1802:

"To cultivate peace, and maintain com-  
merce and navigation in all their lawful en-  
terprises; to favor our fisheries as nurseries  
of navigation; and to protect manufactures  
adapted to our circumstances." Again:

"When a nation imposes high duties on  
our productions or prohibits them altogether,  
it may be proper for us to do the same by  
theirs; first burdening or excluding their  
productions, which they bring here in com-  
petition with our own of the same kind."

Mr. Madison was (literally) the father of  
our Constitution. In his message of May,  
1809, he recommends to Congress:

"To make such further alterations in the  
laws as will more especially protect and fos-  
ter the several branches of manufacture."

Six years after, viz. 1815, he goes still  
further into the subject. Hear him:

"There is no subject which can enter with  
greater force into the deliberations of Con-  
gress than a consideration of the means to  
preserve and promote manufactures, which  
have sprung into existence and attained an  
unparalleled maturity throughout the United  
States during the period of the European  
wars. This source of national inde-  
pendence and wealth I anxiously recom-  
mend, therefore, to the prompt and constant  
guardianship of Congress."

Mr. MONROE, another Virginia President,  
in his Inaugural Address, held the following  
language:

"Our manufactures will likewise require  
the systematic and fostering care of Gov-  
ernment. Possessing, as we do, all the raw  
materials, the fruit of our own skill and in-  
dustry, we ought not to depend, in the de-  
gree we have done, on the supplies from  
other countries." &c.

In allusion to the same subject, he after-  
wards says:

"It is important that the capital which  
nourishes our manufactures should be do-  
mestic, and its influence, in that case, in-  
stead of exhausting, as it may do in foreign  
lands, would be felt advantageously on ag-  
riculture and every other branch of indus-  
try; equally important is it to provide a  
home market for our raw materials, as by  
extending the competition it will enhance  
the price and protect the cultivator  
against the casualties incident to foreign  
markets."

We pass over what Mr. ADAMS said on  
this subject, as being of no weight with the  
editor of the Enquirer. But we make up  
for the omission by inserting at full length  
the following letter, from a man, the bare  
mention of whose name is wont to enrap-  
ture the old gentleman:

WASHINGTON CITY, April 26, 1824.

"Heaven smiled upon and gave us liberty  
and independence. That same Providence  
has blessed us with the means of national  
independence and national defence. If we  
admit or refuse to use the gifts which he  
has extended to us, we deserve not the  
continuance of his blessing. He has filled  
our mountains and our plains with min-  
erals—with lead, and with iron, and with  
copper, and given us a climate and soil for  
the growing of hemp and wool. These being  
the great materials of our national defence,  
they ought to have extended to them ade-  
quate and fair protection, that our man-  
ufactures and laborers may be placed in a  
fair competition with those of Europe, and  
that we have within our country a supply  
of those leading and important articles so  
essential in war.

I will not ask what is the real situation of  
the agriculturist? Where has the Ameri-  
can farmer a market for his surplus produce?  
Except for cotton he has neither a foreign  
nor a home market. Does not this clearly  
prove, then, when there is no market either  
at home or abroad, that there is too much  
labor employed in agriculture. Common  
sense at once points out the remedy. Take  
from agriculture in the United States six  
hundred thousand men, women, and chil-  
dren, and you will at once give a market  
for more bread-stuffs than all Europe now  
furnishes us. In short, sir, we have been  
too long subject to the policy of British  
merchants. It is time we should become  
a little more Americanized, and instead of  
feeding the paupers and laborers of Eng-  
land, feed our own; or else, in a short time,  
by continuing our present policy, we shall  
be rendered paupers ourselves. It is there-  
fore my opinion that a careful and judicious  
tariff is much wanted to pay our national  
debt, and to afford us the means of that de-  
fence within ourselves on which the safety  
of our country depends; and, but though

not least, to give a proper distribution to our  
labor, which must prove beneficial to the  
happiness, independence, and wealth of the  
community.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON.

Our readers here have authority which  
the Enquirer cannot object to, for the pre-  
sented tariff, and more especially for its pro-  
tective features.

"DEMOCRACY" AND THE BANK-  
RUPT LAW.

FACTS FROM THE RECORD.

The double-dealing of the "Democracy"  
towards the Bankrupt Law, is almost with-  
out a parallel in effrontery and deception.  
Prior to 1840, the records of the country  
show that both parties favored the enact-  
ment of a Bankrupt Law. Among its  
warmest advocates were the very "pillars of  
the democratic party." The attempt to give  
it a party character, originated after the  
law was believed to be growing unpopular.  
We will prove that Martin Van Buren,  
Thomas H. Benton, Senators Wall of New  
Jersey, and Linn of Missouri, Col. Richard  
M. Johnson, Ex-Senators Norvell of Mich-  
igan, Sprague of North Carolina, and  
Nicholson of Tennessee, Attorney General  
Butler of New York, Alexander Ming, Jr.,  
of New York, Senators Walker of Missis-  
sippi, and King of Alabama, and Ex-Sec-  
retary Levi Woodbury, were among the no-  
ted supporters of a Bankrupt Law prior to  
1840. A "Democratic" Senator made the  
first movement on the subject at the session  
of '39-40. "Democratic" States and State  
Legislatures, were conspicuous in sending  
on petitions praying the passage of such a  
law; "Democratic" leaders in Congress, in  
turn insisted that "public opinion demanded  
it," and in short, the "democratic party" in  
Congress, were fully committed to a Bank-  
rupt Law. These things we will now pro-  
ceed to prove, from the unerring records  
of the country.

First, then, as to Mr. Van Buren—in  
1827, whilst Senator in Congress, he vot-  
ed for a Bankrupt Law—a law retrospective  
in its operations, and to use the lan-  
guage of Col. Johnson at the time, giving  
"relief" only to "privileged orders" and re-  
fusing to extend its advantages "to the cot-  
tage as well as the palace." The journal  
shows that Mr. Reed of Mississippi having  
moved an amendment to the first section of  
the bill declaring that nothing contained in  
that section, or any other provision of the  
bill, "should extend, or be construed to ex-  
tend to any contract made before the pas-  
sage and promulgation of this act" it was  
rejected, and among the votes recorded  
against it, (and of course in favor of the  
retrospective feature) are those of Martin  
Van Buren, Thomas H. Benton, R. M.  
Johnson, Wm. R. King, and Levi Wood-  
bury. Mr. Van Buren even went so far as  
to make a speech against the amendment;  
(See Con. Deb. 3d vol. p. 139) thus sustain-  
ing with all his energy the feature cancell-  
ing debts contracted before the passage of  
the law. The 93d section of this bill ex-  
tended its provisions to all classes of citi-  
zens. Mr. Van Buren was unwilling to ex-  
tend them to any but merchants and traders,  
and made a speech against the 93d section.  
To his remarks Col. R. M. Johnson replied,  
and from that reply we append an extract:

"Mr. J. observed, that he should vote for  
the bill if the section under consideration  
were retained; but he certainly could not,  
if it were struck out. The gentleman last  
on the floor (Mr. Van Buren) was one of  
the committee, and it was the first time he  
had heard that gentleman's opinion was ad-  
verse to this section; and he felt as much  
regret as surprise at discovering he was  
against it. He thought that, if this bill  
were applied to one class, it should be to  
another. If they passed this bill to allevi-  
ate the suffering of merchants only, it  
would be a partial law as regards the other  
classes. The vivifying principles ought not  
to be confined to any privileged order; but  
the relief and advantage held forth in the  
bill ought to be general and unconfined, and  
their good effects be dispensed to the cot-  
tage as well as to the palace; and unless such  
were the nature of the bill, he could not vote  
for it."

The bill, with this section retained, failed  
—and a motion to reconsider being made  
Mr. Van Buren remarked:

"He had, during the late discussion, di-  
rected his efforts against the ninety-third  
section, and the vote given yesterday had  
fully shown the Senate was opposed to  
such a system. He had been constrained  
by that feature of the bill to give his vote  
against it. A proposition was now made,  
on the part of the gentlemen who had  
hitherto supported that section, to strike it  
out. They had made an avowal that they  
would abandon that section altogether, and  
thus he (Mr. V. B.) had no alternative left  
he must be in favor of the bill, when the  
only clause to which he had originally ob-  
jected was to be expunged."

The bill was reconsidered, (Mr. Van Bu-  
ren voting for the reconsideration,) and  
again put upon its passage,